



Puck

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A QUEER FLIRTATION.



PUCK,
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A. Schwarzmann.
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Wednesday, September 7th, 1887.—No. 548.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

IN THE doubtful year before a presidential campaign the entire political wisdom of the country breaks loose, and the yelp of the prophet is heard in the land. The prophet is "knowing." In the words of a popular song, he knows it all. If you suggest that Mr. Cleveland is a popular man; that he has the favor of the plain, solid voting citizens, he nods his head and cocks his eye with deep significance, and says: "Wait till you hear from the Labor Vote, my boy!" If you say that it is possible that the Republican party may put forward a respectable candidate in June, he tells you, with a wink of deep meaning: "They've got to put up a candidate to suit the Prohibitionists, or they may as well give up the game."

The political prophet is a worn and weary old impostor. He lives only to be "interviewed" by reporters in search of space-filling matter. His talk is cheap, and any body may have it. And like most cheap talk, it is cheap because it is worthless. This wiseacre, who has been forty years in politics, and who knows all the ropes, can no more forecast the future than you or I. We are but plain citizens; yet, when you come to think of it, in the end the decision of all great political questions rests with us. It is our votes that will elect the next President and the next congress. This is something that we too often forget. We are accustomed to credit the politician with a power which he does not possess. We take him at his own valuation, and overlook the fact that what license he has he gets from us. We need to be reminded of the great and interesting truth that when it comes to a contest between the people and the politicians, the politicians have no choice but to go to the wall. This was shown, and pretty clearly shown, at the last general election. Then we had a combat of the people against the most astute political speculators in the country. The politicians played every trick they knew: they tried their best to hoodwink the people; they bought and sold votes; they struggled for dear life. They were defeated. They had a predestinate majority against them.

It is all very well to talk wisely, at this stage of the game, of the strength or weakness of the Prohibition vote, the Labor vote, the Irish vote or the German vote. These catch-phrases of the professional politicians have but small application to the real issue involved. Not one of these votes, so-called, is done up in a brown-paper parcel, ready to be delivered to the highest bidder. Men of all nationalities, sects, professions and trades are capable—all save the most foolish among them—of forgetting a small allegiance to be true to a greater. When the time comes around again when we must choose a President of the United States, he will be chosen by the vote of the citizens of the United States; and in that vote there will join Prohibitionists, laborers, Irishmen, Germans, and all sorts and conditions of men.

Successful rebellion becomes revolution, and successful theft becomes a financial transaction. The line of demarcation is not always sharply defined; and in these operations there is often a period when their status is not thoroughly assured. It may take some little time to determine whether Mr. Henry S. Ives is a thief or a financier; whether he is sublime or ridiculous. This is one of the distinct advantages of operating on a large scale. The morality of the operation does not differ much from that method of gaining a livelihood which Fagin recommended to Mr. Claypole as "the Kinchin lay." "The Kinchins, my dear," said Fagin, "is the young children that's sent on errands by their mothers, with sixpences and shillings; and the lay is just to take their money away—they've always got it ready in their hands—then knock 'em into the kennel, and walk off very slow, as if there was nothing else the matter but a child fallen down and hurt itself." Neither in morality nor method do Mr. Ives's ways and means of doing business differ much from "the Kinchin lay." The trouble with that "lay" was that it was n't broad enough to become an "operation." It is not quite easy for an unprejudiced observer to see why extensive crime should be condoned, while petty theft is vigorously punished; but if extensive crime were not often condoned, Mr. Ives and his kind would be much less likely to enter into their peculiar operations.

Both sympathy and surprise have been freely expressed concerning the worthy people who associated with Mr. Ives in his transactions, to find at last that he has not only stolen their purses, but smirched their good names. The sympathy is misplaced. Mr. Ives was not a man without reputation. He had a reputation, and a very bad one. The people who associated with him in his business enterprises quite understood that. They quite expected that Mr. Ives would steal, but they fully expected that he would divide with them. Smith was quite sure that Mr. Ives would clean Jones out very completely; but as the confidential friend of Mr. Ives, Smith fully expected a part of the Jones plunder; while Jones was equally confident that Mr. Ives meant to deal fairly by him; and he had already planned how to invest the money which was to be stolen from Smith. It is with pained surprise that they both find that Mr. Ives has stolen impartially from every body, and that there is to be no division of booty. And they deserve condemnation and not sympathy. They made this wretched business possible; because they were willing to aid an unscrupulous man, in the hope that they might share his ill-gotten gains. Having advanced money to the plausible burglar to buy a kit of tools to break into their neighbor's house, they find on their own broken doors the marks of the tools which they purchased.

The competition for the MIDSUMMER PUCK PRIZE PUZZLE closed on the 1st of September. In our issue of September 14th the names of the successful competitors will be given. It has been suggested to us that the period allowed for the solving of our pictorial problem was too short, and that the readers of the MIDSUMMER PUCK ought to have had more days to spend in cutting and piecing together the wild combination of heads. Of course, any such extension of time would have been unjust to those who have struggled for the first prize. According to the terms of our proposition, all who sent in correct reconstructions of the puzzle-sheet before September 1st are entitled to an equal share in the \$500-prize-fund; and all such winners will be paid as soon as we can examine the lists received. We know, however, that there may be many belated puzzlers, and for their sake, we extend the time of competition for the second prize—an unlimited award—to October 1st. Any person sending us forty faces correctly reconstructed, before October 1st, 1887, will win a year's subscription to PUCK'S LIBRARY, issued monthly.

MONOPOLY AGAINST THEIR GRAIN.



But They're Bound to Get There Just the Same.



A COACHING TRIP.

A Crumpled Rose-Leaf.

MISS POMPON.—Oh, I do feel that I owe Mr. Tandem such an apology!

YOUNG MR. F. (*her companion*).—Why, my dear Miss Pompon, you quite surprise me!

MISS POMPON.—Oh, but it is *such* a blow!

MR. F.—What, pray? I am positively alarmed.

MISS POMPON.—Why, I fancied Mr. Tandem's coach had a dark-green body.

MR. F.—Oh, and the bright-red does not please you so well?

MISS POMPON.—Oh, it is not that—but don't you see? I have arranged my costume in Charles X. pink!

* * *

Box Seat Brilliancy.

MISS GUSHINGTON (*who goes in for fascinating ignorance*).—Oh, how charming this is! Fancy owning such a coach and such lovely horses, too!

MR. TANDEM.—Yes; one needs the horses, for a fact.

MISS GUSHINGTON.—Oh, yes—and they are such beauties, too—I just love these bays next to us!

MR. T.—You mean the wheelers—they're chestnuts, though—

MISS G.—Oh, are they? I *never* can tell the difference; and, oh, are they off or nigh?

MR. T.—Why, one you know, is off, and the other nigh.

MISS G.—Why, of course! I *am* so wretchedly stupid.

MR. T.—Oh, don't mention it!

MISS G.—Oh, but I *am*—and do tell me which is the off horse?

MR. T. (*pointing*).—This one.

MISS G.—Is it, really? How very interesting!

MR. T.—Oh, not at all!

MISS G.—But it is, you know—and that, of course, is the nigh one.

MR. T.—Naturally.

MISS G.—Oh, yes—and why, please?

MR. T. (*feebly brilliant*).—Oh, possibly, because he's further from the whip!

MISS G.—How very odd!

MR. T.—Yes; it is odd.

MISS G.—Oh, extremely odd!

MR. T.—Yes.

MISS G.—And you are the whip?

MR. T.—Oh, come now, really, Miss Gushington!

MISS G.—Oh, I know you are. I have always heard you were *such* a whip!

* * *

On the Roof.

MISS TILBURY (*one of the other sort*).—I've been watching the off leader, Mr. Cropper, and I'm quite sure he interferes with his left hind-hoof.

MR. C. (*admiringly*).—Now, do you know I should never have discovered that?

MISS T.—Should n't you, really? I noticed it at once. He's a fine beast otherwise.

MR. C.—Yes, he goes well with his fellow.

MISS T.—Oh, they're matched to a hair!

MR. C.—Yes, of course.

MISS T.—Do you bag, Mr. Cropper?

MR. C. (*who is not of the hunting set*).—Well, no, hardly—that is, not much, you know.

MISS T.—You ought—it's such sport.

MR. C.—Oh, yes, quite.

MISS T.—Oh, thorough. I side with the Criss-cross club.

MR. C.—Do you, really?

MISS T.—Yes; I'm trying a new mare now for the next meet.

MR. C.—It is so!

MISS T.—Yes; I do her across country every day when I am at home.

MR. C.—How do you find her?

MISS T.—Oh, fairish—a poor jumper, though.

MR. C.—Ah, that's rather bad.

MISS T.—Oh, very bad. How many bars do you take?

MR. C.—Well—er—really, you know, I go out so seldom, still—three.

MISS T.—Three! Why, I take five and a barbed wire!

MR. C. (*gasping*).—You don't say so!

* * *

Real Pleasure of Coaching.

MRS. MARRIED-BELLE.—How charming the day has turned out!

MR. BLASE.—Ya'as.

MRS. M.—I quite trembled for my toilet this morning.

MR. B.—Ya-as, it was rather threatening.

MRS. M.—And one has to coach, you know, rain or shine.

MR. B.—Oh, ya-as, indeed. That's the sport.

MRS. M.—Oh, do you think so?

MR. B.—Oh, ya-as, indeed. That's all I coach for.

MRS. M.—What, the rain?

MR. B.—No; because you have to go in any weather.

MRS. M.—How odd to like that!

MR. B.—Oh, ya-as; it's like a dinner, you know.

MRS. M.—I don't altogether follow.

MR. B.—Oh, if you accept you must go.

MRS. M.—Ah!

MR. B.—And you must be on time.

MRS. M.—Now I see.

MR. B.—Ya-as; gives a zest, you know.

MRS. M.—Then, I suppose, you only coach and drive?

MR. B.—That's about all.

MRS. M.—You might try running for a railway train.

MR. B.—Oh, too fatiguing and quite too common!

PHILIP H. WELCH.

MY DACHSHUND.

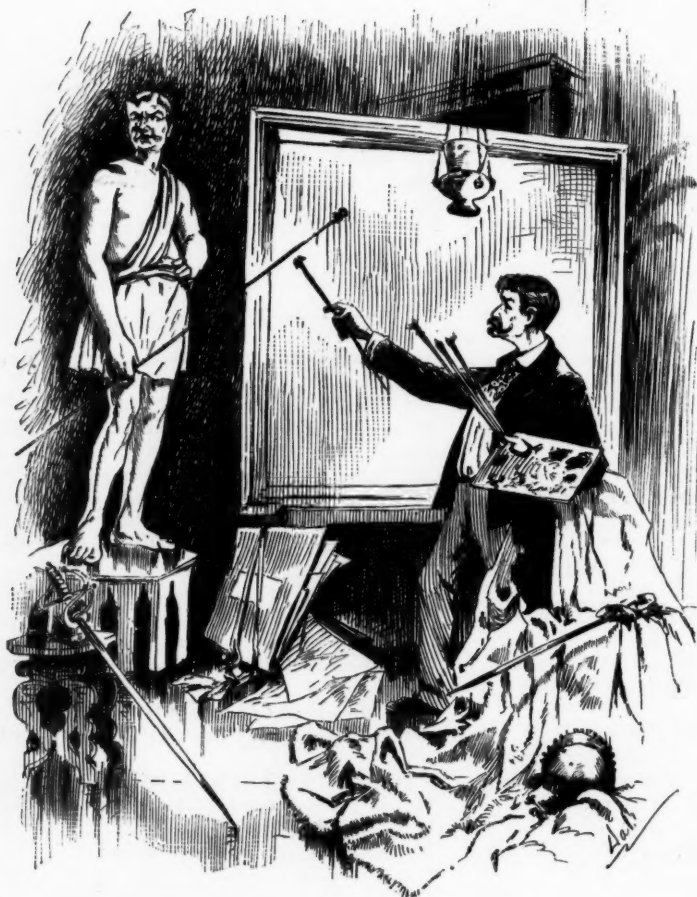


IT MAY NOT be generally known that at the present time I am the possessor of a dachshund; but, nevertheless, such is the case. I have owned him about a month, and have already had tons of honest enjoyment out of him.

He is very queer and mirth-provoking, even for a dachshund. His stomach is n't more than three inches from the ground, and he is something like four feet long. He has to look up in the air to keep his ears from trailing on the earth. We got him for the benefit of the baby, because he can only bark in German, and the infant can already cry a little in the same language. We have just made a blanket for him, and had his name embroidered on it. Wishing to get a name that would look right on the blanket and be long enough to fit the dog, we have called him *Spiegelschnedderedengg*.

At first he troubled us a great deal at night by his howling; but we stopped that with a certain cough mixture, the name of which we will not mention for good and sufficient reasons. The mixture did n't make him incapable of barking; but it had such a foul flavor that as soon as he saw us approaching with it he would fall down and go to sleep by an instantaneous process known only to himself. Striving after the unattainable has never been more faithfully and beautifully illustrated than by the average dog converting himself into a temporary vortex for the purpose of catching his stumpy tail.

Every one who has seen a dog undergoing these maddening revolutions will remember that the stumpy tail keeps just out of reach. But it was not so in the case of *Spiegelschnedderedengg*. He was so long that he could not only grasp his tail at will, but could knock flies off his face with it. He was a dead-shot; and the strangest part of it was that he never opened his eyes to take aim. In lying down he often curled up twice, and sometimes he would get so tangled that I would have to go and untie or unfold him when he woke up. When he sat on his haunches with his ears down, he did n't look unlike a penguin; and when he hap-



HUMAN NATURE VS. THE ARTS.

IRISH MODEL.—Mishter Framer!

ARTIST.—What is it, Dennis?

MODEL.—Might Oi be bould enough to ax permissi'n to paralyze thot fly on me nose? I t'ink Aggymimnon wud do th' sem t'ing, sor.



PURE MILK.

MISS BREEZY (of Chicago).—Yes, we have difficulty in obtaining pure milk, so much of it is watered nowadays.

MISS SHAWSGARDEN (of St. Louis).—We have very little trouble in St. Louis.

MISS BREEZY.—No, I suppose not. In a place like St. Louis, everybody can keep his own cow, you know.

pened to erect his ears while in this attitude, the average naturalist would put him down for a German hare.

He is so long and low that he sleeps comfortably in a piece of sewer pipe in the back-yard. Into this abode of safety *Spiegelschnedderedengg* flies when pursued by less peaceful dogs than himself. And there he falls asleep while his pursuers fill the air with their impotent fury. We frequently put shawl-straps on him, and carry him about like a valise.

In short, he takes the dog-biscuit—whenever it is offered him—if I may be pardoned for interpolating a joke which, I am proud to say, is not my own.

He is intensely patriotic. Only the other day he tore a French grammar to tatters, and then ran down into the cellar and fell asleep on some Kaiser beer bottles. One day I put some empty French mustard bottles where the Kaiser beer bottles had been lying, and he took a good sleep on them, under the impression that they were German mustard bottles. But when he found they had contained French mustard, he almost went mad. To pacify him, I gave him a handful of sauerkraut and read him one of Gellert's poems. He immediately forgot all about the French mustard bottles, and greeted me with his politest little bow.*

One of the funniest things about him is that it takes him so long to turn around. If he chases a cat, all the cat has to do is to turn and she is safe; for *Spiegelschnedderedengg* turns as slowly as the alligator, and very much on the same plan. When swimming he holds his ears up, and as the wind fills them he skims along like a yacht. When he wants to turn in the water he pulls one ear down, according to the direction he wants to take. Take him all in all, he is a comfort and a blessing. He is not a thing of beauty; but he is a joy forever. Treat him kindly, and never lift him by the ears like a rabbit, and he will make you feel that your expenses are decreasing and that your income is on the climb.

We regard *Spiegelschnedderedengg* as a member of the family; but at the same time we keep the cold meat five or six feet from the floor, that he may not secure it simply by standing up on his hinder-legs.

R. K. M.

AN OPINION FROM NEW ORLEANS.

MIDSUMMER PUCK

Is afloat

In his boat

On a lily-lake.

On the cool,

Shady pool,

In his costume

Of bloom,

He certainly takes the cake.

F. R. W.

KEEPING IT UP.

If any base-ball players die and go to Sheol, they will be able to practice picking up "hot grounders."

* wow.

FUNNY BUSINESS.

SOME THOUGHTS ON THE CONSTRUCTION AND PRESERVATION OF JOKES.

III.—Revamping Old Jokes.

IT OFTEN happens that the humorist finds himself unexpectedly called upon for jokes at a moment when he has no ideas about him. Perhaps he is away from his workshop where his tools are kept, or perhaps he has lost the combination of the safe in which his precious ideas are securely locked up. The problem of how to make bricks without straw, and the awful fate of the people who attempted it stares him in the face. But his keen intelligence comes to his aid. Like the trusty guide in Mayne Reid's story he exclaims: "Ha, it is the celebrated joke-root bush, called by the Apaches the ha-ha plant!" and, seizing an ancient jest, he tears it from the soil, carefully cleanses the esculent root from its clinging mould, and then proceeds to revamp it for modern use.

The joke should be one that has slowly ripened under the suns of distant climes and other days. It should be perfectly mellow, and care must be taken to remove from it all particles of dust and lichen. Let us suppose, for example, that the joke, divested of all superfluities, presents this appearance:

"A man once gave his friend a very small cup of very old wine, and the friend remarked that it was the smallest thing of its age he had ever seen."

I have selected this joke because it is one of the oldest of which the world has any record.

The world has known many changes since civilization reached the point that made old wine an appreciated and acknowledged delight to the dwellers in the fertile valley of the Euphrates, and thus threw open the doors for the appearance of this joke. The dust of him who gave and of him who drank the wine are blended together in the soil of that once populous region. Stately sarcophagi mark the last resting-places of many who have enjoyed this ancient bit of merriment. Empires have crumbled since then; mighty rulers have yielded the insignia of their power at the imperative summons of the conqueror of all, yet nothing has interrupted the stately solemn march of this joke along the corridors of time. It flourished in Byzantium; it lingered in tender caress on each of the seven hills of Rome; when Hannibal led his cohorts across the snow-clad Alps, it stepped out from behind a crag and said: "Here we are again!" And the astonished warrior recognized it at once, although it wore a peaked hat and a goitre.

It has awakened laughter among effeminate and refined Athenians as they lay stretched in languid and perfumed ease immediately after the luxurious bath, and about two hundred years before Christ. It has been said that cleanliness is next to godliness, and yet we find that in this instance there was room to slip this joke in between the two, and have two hundred years of space left.

It is found in the sacred writings of Confucius, side by side with his memorable injunction to his followers not to shed a single cuff or sock unless the ticket should be forthcoming. Under the iron crown of Lombardy and the lilies of France this joke has lived and thrived. It has even been published in the Philadelphia Ledger, which is a sure proof of its antiquity.

Surely no one but an American humorist could look upon this hoary relic without feelings of veneration. Let us see what the humorist does with it:

That which has worn a toga in Rome and a coat of mail in the Middle Ages, he now clothes in the habiliments of the present day. Watch him as he arrays it

in the high hat, the patent-leather shoes, the cutaway coat and eye-glasses of modern times, and behold we have:

"Young Arthur Cecil, of the Knickerbocker Club, prides himself on his knowledge of wines, and boasts of a cellar of his own which can not be matched on this side of the water. Bilkins dined with him the other night, and as a great treat his host poured out into a liquor glass a few drops of priceless old—

"There, my boy," he exclaimed: "you'll not find a drop of that anywhere in New York except on my table!"

Bilkins took it down at a single gulp, smacked his lips and said:

"I'll tell you what it is, old man. There ain't many things lying around loose that are as old as this and have n't grown any bigger."

The joke was too good to keep, and Cecil had to square himself at the club by ordering up a basket of Mumm.

J. L. Ford.



THE START.

MISS EVELETH (betrothed to ALGY).—Don't you think the run will be too much for him, dear? He's only a puppy, you know.

ALGY.—Oh, no! We can stop and rest him once in a while. I'll look out for him.



ON THE ROAD.

MISS EVELETH.—Why so silent, precious?

ALGY.—I've been thinking for the past half-hour whether it will be better to have the billiard-room floor laid in a Moorish or a Grecian pattern. Which do you prefer, little one?

MISUNDERSTOOD.

PHOTOGRAPHER.—Will you have a full or a three-quarter view taken, sir?

PORTCHESTER VISITOR TO THE CITY.—Look a' here, you measly, oil-mouthed sun-trapper. I may have fiddler-crabs a-hangin' on my eye-brows, Milton Point sea-weed twined in my hair, an' a patch o' caliker on th' seat of my britches big 'nough ter carpet this air sky hot-house; but I want you ter understan' that them same Knicky-bockys hez got mor'n seventy-five cents in 'em. Touch her off for a full view!

A POETESS HAS WRITTEN some lines entitled "A Dead Summer." We wish somebody would kill this summer.

IT IS SAID that one reason why St. John is a prohibitionist is because he can't drink without getting his moustache in it.

WHEN A SHIP comes in collision with an iceberg it ought not to be difficult for the passengers to keep cool.

OUT OF SIGHT is not out of mind in the case of the umbrella hanging on the restaurant peg.

A MESSENGER-BOY WAS seen running with frightful rapidity the other day. He had a message for a gentleman at the Polo Grounds.

IN THE CASE of each Chicago Anarchist we trust Justice may win by a neck.

STRANGE AS IT may seem, the electric chandelier has become a gas fixture.

WHEN A MAN gets a hat on credit is he not over his ears in debt?

A NEGRO BARBER-SHOP must be a great place for wool-gathering.

THE HAYSEED DRAMA naturally has a grass plot. Ha, ha!

NOAH DREW to pairs and got a full house.

A KENTUCKY MULE WAS recently overcome by the heat; but not until his hoofs had melted.

HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF, although there is much that it ought to be ashamed of.

THE PLAINT OF THE WIND-MILL.



I.
HOW TIRED I am of standing here
No matter what the weather,
And seeing just the self-same things
For days and weeks together!

II.
This being perched upon a hill
Most wearisome I'm finding;
And how I hate the heaps of corn
Which I'm forever grinding!

III.
I'm tired of the bustling wind
That keeps my sails all whirling;
I'd like to have some say myself
In setting them a-twirling.

IV.
But most of all I'm wearied out
With all those artist fellows,
Who sit and daub, day after day,
With reds and browns and yellows.

V.
I hate their painting jargon of
"Tones," "shadows," "lights" and "distance,"
Had I my way, then every one
I'd wipe out of existence.

VI.
And "charming," "quaint" and "picturesque"
I can't hear without wincing;
And oft I wish I'd some way of
My weary scorn evincing.



VII.
But still I'd cheerfully bear all
And my resentment smother,
If every picture of me was
Not different from the other.

J. CAMPBELL.



A LESSON IN NATURAL HISTORY.

TEACHER.—By what name is the Cat known to zoölogists? What is his legitimate professional appellation?

PUPIL.—*Felis Domestica*.

T.—This is a pretty name. Is the animal generally known by it?

P.—He is not.

T.—Why is this thus?

P.—Because the name fails to meet the requirements of every-day use.

T.—Explain your meaning.

P.—In moments of extreme emotion, man naturally expresses himself in short, pithy sentences, made up of monosyllabic words.

T.—Proceed.

P.—The man who keeps a *Felis Domestica* has many moments of extreme emotion, during which he has frequent occasion to refer to the *Felis*, etc. On these occasions he does not feel like spending time enough to give it its full title, so he simply calls it a Cat.

T.—Many other animals with which we are familiar have gained their monosyllabic names in precisely the same manner, have they not?

P.—*Oui*. All domestic animals have short names.

T.—Give a few examples.

P.—The dog, the mule, the fly, the flea.

T.—Correct. What is the proper patronymic of the flea?

P.—*Pulex irritans*.

T.—Is he ever addressed by this endearing title?

P.—Mighty seldom.

T.—Suppose the hippopotamus or the rhinoceros, instead of leading the retired and unassuming lives which they at present seem to prefer, were to make the systematic torture of the human race the one object of their existence, what would occur?

P.—The honorable titles which have been theirs from time immemorial would be abbreviated.

T.—If I were awakened at midnight by the sound of an able-bodied hippopotamus clambering over my back-fence, and shrieking defiance to some hated foe, is it likely that, as I hurled the book-case or the stove at him, I should address him by his full name?

P.—Hardly. Were the animal which you have used as an illustration to become domesticated, his name would have to have four syllables knocked off it in a very short time.

T.—Let us now return to the Cat. What is his leading characteristic?

P.—Lung power.

T.—Were it possible to give an ordinarily robust cat a thorough musical education, what salary would he be likely to receive to sing in German opera?

P.—Five thousand per night, and expenses for three persons.

T.—What diet do you recommend for the Cat?

P.—Paris green on toast.

T.—That will do for to-day.

F. A. STEARNS.

AMONG THOSE PEOPLE in New York who ought to be hanged are certain passengers on the Third Avenue elevated road who, when the train swings into the City Hall station, rise from their seats. The track just approaching this station is something like a snake in shape. The result is,

these people are thrown from one side to the other; they clutch the air wildly, tread on sensible passengers' toes, and make themselves a terror generally. There are others in this city, of course, who ought to be hanged; but these should be hanged first.

THE EDITOR OF ONE OF OUR great daily papers has, for a long time, had a column heading called "Affairs of Women." He recently moved into a double-house in the country, where there is a low separating fence between the back-yards; and he is going to discontinue the department mentioned, for the reason that, if he should print all he hears, the libel suits would be piled on him like dew on the grass.

THE OLDEST POSTMASTER in the country is Roswell Beardless, of North Lansing, Tompkins Co., N. Y. No, excitable reader, we are not going to spring any bald-headed joke on you, but simply want to continue to the effect that Mr. Beardless was appointed in 1828, and calculates that, if all the stamps he has licked were placed in a straight line, they would reach from North Lansing, Tompkins Co., N. Y., to the end of one of Evarts's sentences.

WHEN A FRIEND COMES IN and invites you to take a drink, just as you have finished writing an article, you jump at a conclusion.



SURPLUS STOCK.

CUSTOMER (in drug store).—I see you advertise "selling off at cost."

DRUGGIST.—Yes, sir.

CUSTOMER.—What are you getting for Dr. Dropsy's Killenquick cure for consumption, large bottles?

DRUGGIST.—One dollar.

CUSTOMER.—But that's the same old price.

DRUGGIST.—Yes, sir. We are selling off our one and two cent postage stamps at cost. We are carrying a larger line of them than the present stagnation warrants.

A SNAP.

"TALK ABOUT being bitten on wheat corners," I heard an old man say the other day, while seated on the piazza of a country hotel: "Talk about losing every thing you put into it, and having the mortification of knowing some fellow got away with you in addition. Why, I tell you, I had an experience that for absolute downright cussedness was the very worst case of beat that any white man can conceive of."

"I did n't know you ever speculated," his companion remarked.

"I never did," continued the old man: "but this once, and it cured me; yes, sir, it cured me for good; it showed me how blind a man can be to the very simplest details when the glittering possibility of a big profit is before his eyes. I was n't taken in quite so badly as some of our Wall Street friends, because I did n't have the capital; but, in proportion to our respective wealth, the ratio of effect on me was just the same."

Here he broke off for a moment and walked up and down the room, laughing heartily to himself, which showed there was some point to his coming story, and indicating also that he had outgrown the depressing result of his loss. In a moment he resumed:

"I was in California at the time, at a little place called 'The Mission,' every body who has ever been to that glorious State will recall this name at once. It's a pretty place, and while I had no especial object in going there, yet I observed the exceeding innocence of the natives, and the idea suggested itself that an opportunity might occur to make a few dollars out of their innocence, and I determined to bear it in mind. The Fourth of July was approaching, and an acquaintance I had made, a particularly verdant individual, I always had thought, remarked one evening just before the Fourth, that there was a glorious chance to do a little speculating, if any one was so inclined and had the money to invest, incidentally calling attention to his own lack of funds as the only hindrance to his taking advantage of the opportunity, instead of giving it away to others. Of course, I was all attention at once, and asked him what the idea was."

"Well, you see," he replied: "there is always a scarcity of meat here, and it sells high; for that reason every body wants it. All the meat we have is brought in by wagons from the city; a lot came

in to-day; there won't be any more until after the Fourth; this is the second. Somebody could buy up all the meat in town and supply the rush to-morrow night and the next day. I tell you there's big money in it!"

"It struck me the same way, and I engaged him then and there to go with me and make the purchases. In less than an hour I owned every chop and steak in the county. Then I sat down and chuckled over the prospective profits."

The old man stopped here for a moment to wipe his glasses, then he continued:

"It was mighty lucky I laughed just at that time."

"How so?" asked his friend.

"Because I did n't have another chance. I lost all I put in it."

"How in the world did you lose it?"

"How? Well, because the Fourth came on Friday; every man, woman and child in the township was a Catholic, and they ate nothing but salmon all day. On Saturday my meat was fly-blown."

A. Curtis Bond.

HE NEVER SMILED AGAIN.

Thompson's dear little wife had taken two lessons at Mrs. Mixer's cooking-school, and thought she would make a peach pie, all by herself, to surprise her husband with.



At the moment when she put it on the kitchen window-sill to cool—



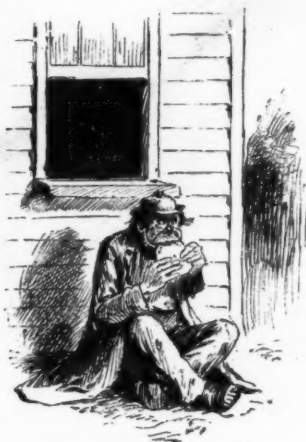
—poor old Hungry Houlihan, the tramp, happened to be passing, observed the action—



—and took prompt and decisive measures—



—to secure a hot lunch,—



—and recklessly devoured it.



But let us not dwell on the painful scene that followed; his punishment was swift and terrible—the cooking-school pie had done its deadly work.

IT is all well enough to speak of the futility of building a house on sand; but how about the sea-side hotel, a quarter-of-a-mile long, that pays regular dividends?

A BOY RECENTLY shot himself through the hand, and an Irish surgeon cut that member off to prevent him getting lockjaw. That surgeon will some day remove some one's stomach to stop a sick-head-ache.

IT is the Mormon who does n't believe in one at a time.

THE SMALL FEET of American girls are out of all proportion to the immense largeness of the country.

IN THESE DAYS it would not be strange if some one adulterated the milk in the cocoanut.

IN THE MATCH between Texas and Prohibition, it is foolish to buy Prohibition even for a place.

FIGURING ON A BASIS of two dollars each time, we estimate that Solomon paid out fourteen hundred dollars in marriage fees alone.

THE CHINAMAN is a tea-totaler.



W. Kausbach
epson.

THE NATIONAL POLIT

Puck (to Physicians of the International Medical Congress at Washington).



at Washington).—Gentlemen, *can't* you do something for these poor unfortunates?

J. Ottmann, Lab. PUCK BUILDING, N. Y.

THE TALE OF THE BASKET-FLASK.

I AM A BASKET-FLASK. I hold a pint. I wish I held a quart, but I don't. If I only did hold a quart my life would be an easier one. I would not fit into a hip pocket so easily, and then my life would be a much quieter and stay-at-home one.

I used to belong to a drummer. He bought me just as he was setting out on a trip through Maine. He had never been in that state before, and had heard there was no liquor to be had there. On leaving Boston he filled me with whiskey, or at least the bar-keeper did. I suppose it was whiskey, as I heard him tell the man to fill me with that article.

When we arrived in Portland I was empty. He met a friend on the train. I felt much better when I was empty, for the liquor kept me in an uncomfortably wet state. Besides, I was always being tipped upside down when there was anything in me. I thought I was to be empty for some time, being in Maine, and congratulated myself on that fact. My owner attended to his business, and little did his customers know what lurked in his pocket.

To my surprise, that night at the hotel, my drummer, after a whispered confab with the proprietor, walked down a flight of stairs along a narrow passage, and then followed the landlord into a little room where he immediately fell over a barrel that served as the bar. Here, I knew by the sound, several drinks were taken, and once more I was filled with something which I should judge to be a compound of fusel oil and alcohol, for which my owner paid a dollar. The idea of such stuff costing eight dollars a gallon! That night my possessor snored and was so restless that between the noise and the stuff inside me I could hardly rest at all.

Our next stop was at Augusta, the home of the "Plumed Knight." I wish a little of the whiskey that was put inside me here could have been dropped on his plume. It would have drooped awfully, and its owner would be sure to vote "No," and not dodge on the constitutional amendment were it ever to come up again. By some chance my owner left me on the table of his room, when he started next day for Bangor, and I became the property of the landlord.

The next few weeks I obtained a splendid insight into human nature. The legislature was in session, and I was loaned to and carried around in the pockets of scores of senators and representatives in that time, all of whom borrowed me confidentially of the landlord; and they all voted, by the way, for laws that should wholly prevent the selling of cider and liquor in the State of Maine. I was in the hip-pocket of one senator when he cast his vote. I heard one prominent politician tell another that the law was absurd and illogical. Yet, while he knew his constituents were against it, they did not have the moral courage to say so, and he had no choice in the matter. When the Senator, in whose pocket I was at the time, voted for the new liquor law I shook with laughter and spilled some of the liquor on his trousers. He had to hasten home and change



HOME, SWEET HOME.

MAGISTRATE (*sternly, to TRAMP*).—The address you give as your place of residence is a vacant lot.

TRAMP.—Yes, yer honor; that's where I sleep nights.



A SEVERE DISAPPOINTMENT.

OLD BALDY.—What's that pair worth, outside there?

DEALER.—Them ain't for sale.

OLD BALDY.—Sorry for that. I was going to take in Kiralfy's new ballet to-night!

them before any one noticed the odor of whiskey. He was so mad that he drank all there was left in me. My humiliation was not yet complete.

One night a professional prohibitionist tackled the landlord with an air of great secrecy, and said he had the rheumatism and wanted a little whiskey to put on his leg. I was again filled and handed to him. Once up-stairs in his room, he drank all there was in me and did n't even rub me on his leg. I was growing sick and tired of such duplicity, and was delighted when my original owner turned up and claimed me. He took me out of the state, very much to my satisfaction, for I hate bad whiskey, high prices, duplicity, false pretensions, and awful lies as badly as any other properly conducted flask that holds a pint.

Clarence Stetson.

THE ANTIQUITY OF BASE-BALL.

STUDENT.—The Romans played base-ball, I believe.

PROFESSOR OF ANCIENT HISTORY.—They played games of ball; but there is no record of the use of bats. On what do you ground your belief?

STUDENT.—Did n't they base prophecies on chickens' entrails?

PROFESSOR.—Assuredly.

STUDENT.—Well, they were their "fowl-tips."

OF THE COMPOSITE ORDER.

OF ALL the girls I ever knew, I'm sure I only worship two.

I have their picture in my mind, it is of the composite kind.

My heart is very firmly set upon that precious blonde brunette, And all my happiness seems to lie in depths of that dear gray black eye. And, ah, what loveliness I trace upon that rounded oblong face!

My kisses would not die of drouth if nestled on that full small mouth.

My heart is caught as in a snare, in meshes of banged bangless hair;

And purity, all must allow, is native on that low high brow.

I read my fate, as in a book, all in that serious smiling look.

What ringless ears with ear-rings neat, and dimpled chin with dimple sweet!

Ah, how my admiration grows in looking at that long pug nose!

Jane and Maria, won't you list the praises of a dual-ist,

Who would his constant worship prove by years of most conglomerate love? And may you in the future grand yield him that chubby tapering hand.

A. W. Bellaw.

SOME SHOES FOR BABY.



THE DOOR opened, and a worried-looking little woman trundled a baby-carriage into the store. She was accompanied by a great big red-faced man, evidently her husband (the kind meek little women almost invariably pick out), and a lank, hatchet-faced, sour-visaged female, beyond all manner of doubt baby's aunt on the father's side.

The clerk left off scraping the sole of a shop-worn shoe with a piece of glass, and hustled forward with his most enticing smile. After that it went something like this:

CLERK.—Good afternoon. Something in shoes to-day?

MAMA.—Yes. The baby has got to have something. She does go through shoes so fast.

PAPA.—Somethin' 't 'll wear more 'n a week, too. I can't be buyin' shoes all the whole darn time.

AUNTIE (*sotto voce*).—I don't believe this is the place where Matilda got the shoes for her baby.

CLERK.—Would you like a soft sole?

PAPA.—No; we don't want no soft sole. Give us suthin' 't 'll stand that kid more 'n twenty minutes. None o' your paper shoes—let 's see some calf-skin.

AUNTIE AND MAMA.—What! For the baby?

CLERK.—We have some nice things in medium weight for children. What color do you prefer?

MAMA.—I think white is pretty.

AUNTIE.—Oh, I like bronze so much better!

PAPA.—Now, don't go to makin' that child look outlandish! Don't get nothin' but jest black!

(CLERK pulls down a box of assorted colors for them to select from.)

MAMA.—Oh! Is n't this one pretty?

AUNTIE.—Yes; but white soils so easily. Do try this bronze one!

CLERK.—Terra cotta is a nice color for children.

AUNTIE.—Oh, we would n't have that horrid color!

MAMA.—Oh, my, no!

PAPA.—In course not.

CLERK.—Nice little fellow, is n't he!

MAMA.—Yes; she is a good child. See is a pitty itty dirl, is n't see, baby?

AUNTIE.—Is see doin' to have some shoozes for her itty tootsey wootsies?

BABY.—Eh-uh—Eh-uh—Eh-uh—E-h-h-h-h-h-h!

AUNTIE AND MAMA.—There, there! Did the big man frighten her? Poor little girl!

CLERK.—Good-natured child!

MAMA.—Yes, usually; but she has been sick for two or three days, and is just a little peevish.

BABY.—Nglah—Z-h-h-h—E-h-h-h—W-o-o-o-o-o—

AUNTIE.—There, there; don't cry. Here 's a nice cracker for her.

PAPA.—Well, come; are you going to pick out them shoes some time to-day?

MAMA.—Oh, dear me, yes. I don't know which to choose!

AUNTIE.—Try this one on.

(CLERK tries it.)

BABY.—Nah—wooh—Yah—NG—O-O-O-O-O-O!

MAMA.—Poor little dear—let me try. Why, I never can get this one on her; she has such a fat little ankle, 'twould never button in the world. Try another.

(They try nine pairs.)

AUNTIE.—This one will do by changing the buttons some.

PAPA.—Well, how much are they?

CLERK.—Fifty cents.

AUNTIE, MAMA AND PAPA.—Fifty cents!

CLERK.—That is very low for so good a shoe as that.

PAPA.—Well, we won't pay that for 'em 'f 'tis.

AUNTIE.—Why, Matilda only paid twenty-five cents for hers; and they look a heap sight better'n these!

CLERK.—Let me show you something cheaper.

MAMA.—No; nothing else will suit.

AUNTIE.—This is the first place we've been in, any way, and I guess we better kind a look 'round a little.

PAPA.—I 'll give you just thirty cents for those shoes.

CLERK.—No, thank you.

PAPA.—Well, come on, then.

And the little procession moved slowly out, while the clerk picked up the scattered shoes, and wondered vaguely in his heart of hearts if shoe-dealers did n't get pretty much all of their sheol right here on earth.

C. N. Hood.

WHY MRS. HEMANS TURNED IN HER GRAVE.

FIRST MATE (*of Calcutta packet*).—Captain, we're drifting! The sheet-anchor cable has parted, the right bower has gone by the board, Nantucket shoals are on our lee, and the spare kedge anchor is under two hundred barrels of hemp-seed oil! All ahie!

CAPTAIN (*sighting through a glass of Point de Galle claret*).—Get out the C-Casabianca, you red-shirted son-of-a-Congo-rabbit!!!

WILL BE RECOVERED.

The wife of a migratory Harlem citizen, who often finds it cheaper to move than pay rent, recently misplaced her thimble, and was considerably annoyed over her unsuccessful search for it.

"Never mind, mama," said her little daughter, reassuringly: "we'll find it when we move."

A CHANCE FOR HIM.

APPLICANT FOR WORK.—I admit frankly that I know nothing of farming. Now, what ought I to do?

FARMER (*who has refused him employment on account of his ignorance of agriculture*).—I'll tell you what you ought to do; you ought to apply for the position of editor of some agricultural paper.

THE FORCE OF HABIT.

When the base-ball professional is at his own house and hears the dinner-bell, he always answers the summons at his topmost speed. He says "it is making a run for the home-plate."



CALIGRAPHIC.

MISS KATE (*fancy goods counter, Lacey's*).—I'm goin' to leave to-morrow, Mame.

MISS MARY.—'s that so? Goin' to Gridley's?

MISS KATE.—No. I'm goin' to learn to be a chiropodist in a lawyer's office. You only have to know your A, B, C's to play on the machine.

HEADING HER OFF.



WIFE (at breakfast).—I want to do some shopping to-day, dear, if the weather is favorable. What are the "probabilities?"

HUSBAND (consulting his paper).—Rain, hail, thunder and lightning.

SAYINGS OF THE GREAT.

Live and let live.—*Queen Mary of England.*
Always speak the truth.—*Eli Perkins.*
Westward the star of umpire takes its sway.

—*Von der Ahe.*

Obeys your superiors.—*Edward McGlynn.*

I would not live away.—*Methuselah.*

Give us liberty or give us beer.—*Spies, Parsons, Neebe, et al.*

Millions fer de "fence."—*Jake Sharp.*

Honor among thieves.—*Mother Mandelbaum.*

I can not tell a lie.—*Thos. Ochiltree.*

Yours for health.—*Lydia Pinkham.*

While there's life there's soap testimonials to write.—*Mrs. James Brown Potter.*

Let me but fill the bait-bottle of the President, and I care not who sells him his fish.—*Daniel Lamont.*

Pernicious activity has not yet retired into innocuous desuetude.—*Grover Cleveland.*

Let us have peace.—*Napoleon I.*

I came, I saw, I got thar.—*Buffalo Bill.*

Never be conscious of your bustle.—*Mrs. Harriet Ayer Hubbard.*

The pig-pen is mightier than the sword.—*Phil. Armour.*

What are you going to do about it?—*Wm. M. Tweed.*

I told you so.—*Adam.*

The love of money is the root of all evil.—*Vanderbilt.*

Contentment is better than riches.—*Cyrus Field.*

Write legibly.—*H. Greeley.*

Half a loaf is better than no strike.—*Martin Irons.*

I should smile.—*Gen. Neal Dow.*

Silence is golden.—*Henry George.*

I never speculate.—*Jay Gould.*

The doomed man was launched into eternity, and fell with a dull, sickening thud.—*Babel Bugle, B. C. 2249.*

Shun notoriety.—*Mrs. Langtry.*

Wm. H. Siviter.

THERE IS ONE good thing about violin playing—it keeps up the dead-cat market.

THE CAKE WALK.

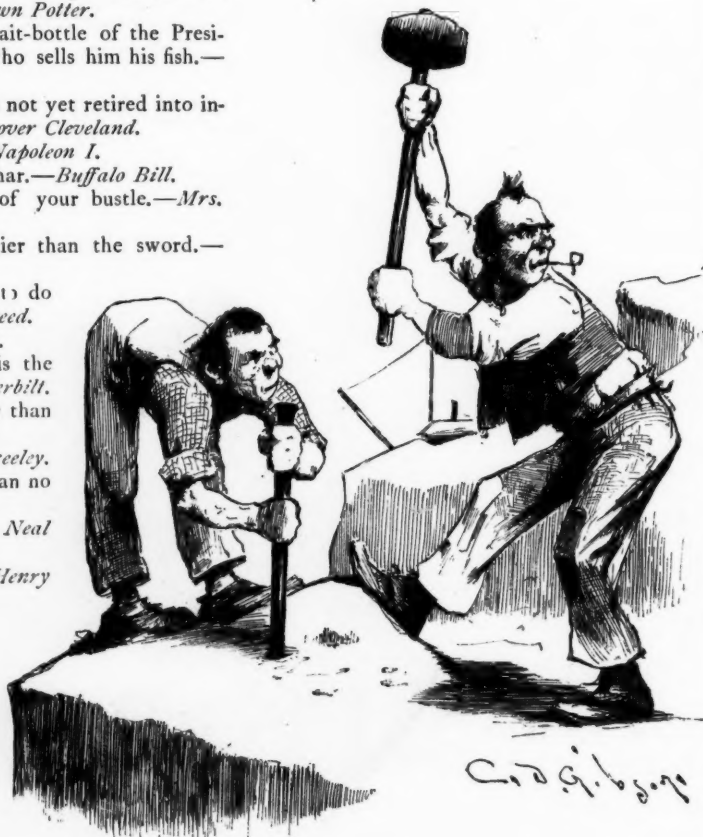
BRUDDER JOHNSIN, 'take yo' seat
In de middle ob de floor,
Fo' yo' gotter watch de culled gals
Er makin' fo' de score.
Dar's er nifty yaller coon
Who am puttin' up his tin,
An' bettin' ebr'y cent he's got
His yaller mash 'll win.

Do yo' note de graceful step
Ob de purty gal in blue?
Hain't she er charmin' critter fo'
To keep de prize in view?
See, she lif' her dainty skirts—
Dar's er instep fo' yo' eyes
Dat 'll make yo' fink ob angels
Walkin' out ob paradise.

Dar's dat orenerly Sall,
Golly, what er hoof she got!
An' I reckon dat hur bussle am
De dandy ob de lot.
Now, Jinny, shake yo' foot,
Doan yo' dar to make er break;
Keep yo' fancy on de cupids
Sittin' dar upon de cake.

Hi, golly! it am done,
An' Mis Jinny win de prize;
An' I reckon she's my daisy,
Fo' she am erbout my size.
Brudder Johnsin', howdedo!
(Keep yo' fist upon de tin,
Ten dollars war de price, I fink,
Fo' makin' Jinny win.)

H. S. Keller.



REPOSE.

QUINLAN (with thirty-pound sledge raised high above his head).—It's warrum Oi am!

DACEY (holding drill).—Are yez never goin' ter shtrike, Cornalius?

QUINLAN.—Pfwat's to hinder a man from takin' a bit av a rist phin th' boss don't be lookin'?

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[Continued from Page 13, Puck, No. 547]

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GENERAL AGENTS,
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"HAVE N'T you missed the theatres this summer?" said one bald-headed man to another: "I know you are a great admirer of the ballet."

"Yes, I did miss them until a happy thought struck me."

"What was that?"

"I went down to the sea-shore and took in the bathing beaches."—*Washington Critic.*

"STAY, jailer, stay; I am not mad," commenced the amateur elocutionist to an audience of which Mr. Griggins was one.

"No. B'gosh, ye aint't got no cause to be. Us fellers out here is the ones!"—*Washington Critic.*

If the California millionaires get into many more wheat corners they will have to come down to corn bread.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

AGENT.—On what grounds do you claim a pension?

APPLICANT.—Grandfather lost his health in the war of 1812, and left an impaired constitution in the family.—*New Haven News.*

"WHAT is your sweetheart by trade, Lizzie?"

"A miller."

"So was my last one; but missus always saw him standing in our dark pantry, and so now I've got a chimney sweep."—*Fliegende Blätter.*

The best thing for a snob is a snub.—*Lowell Citizen.*

He was a physician and had an office, and on the table in the middle of the room there was an album full of pretty actresses and people. You were supposed to look at it while you were waiting to find out whether you were to be operated upon or given a prescription.

"Who are those ladies whose pictures you have in your album?"

"Patients whom I have cured at various times."

"And where do you keep your other album?"

"What other album?"

"The patients you have n't cured."

The doctor socked it to him in a dose of medicine.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

HISTORY tells us that "Caius Rosi, during the reign of Tiberius, would sit for two days and nights drinking, almost without intermission." Mr. Rosi must have had salt mackerel three times a day at his boarding-house. Or did he attend a Canstatter festival at Scheutzen Park? Any way, he was a fluent drinker, and if the Temperance party did n't utilize him as a "frightful example," it was because temperance was not invented until after the reign of Tiberius.—*Norristown Herald.*

A MAGAZINE devoted to spelling reform says: "When peopl becum accustomed to the new attire of sum familiar words they wil more redily assent to more and more changes." Don't believ we'd ever lern to spel in such a ridiculus manr. The old stile speln is gud enuf fur us, and filologists had betr let our orthograpy alone. It is tu late tu mak nu departurs of this caractr.—*Norristown Herald.*



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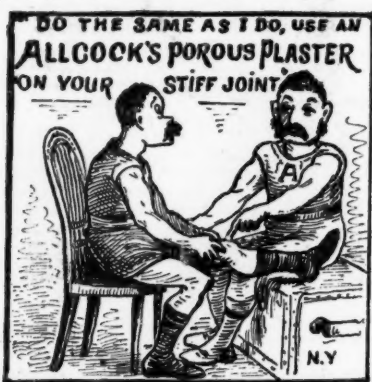
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MISS JONES (*very patriotic*).—Well, what do you think of America, Sir Reginald?

SIR REGINALD PEASBLOSSOM (*a newly imported article*).—Aw! America is not so very bad; but you—aw—have no leisure class heah—no leisure class, ye know.

MISS JONES.—Oh, indeed we have, Sir Reginald; we have our messenger-boys, you know.—*Harper's Bazar.*

FIRST SCOTCH CITIZEN.—Did ye hear tell, Tam, that the Thuzze had come owre tae grup you America cup?

"Wull there be onything in that cup, think ye; onything strang?"

"Shouldna wunner."

"Then ye mark ma words, Geordie; the Thuzze's gawn tae grup it."—*New York Journal.*

DOMESTIC.—What will I get for breakfast? There is n't a bit of bread in the house.

MRS. YOUNGWIFE.—Dear, dear! That is too bad. I suppose you had better have toast.—*Pittsburgh Dispatch.*

"JOHN," said the wife of a Kentucky editor: "your patent combination pocket-knife is all rusty—all but the corkscrew part."—*Washington Critic.*

OMAHA EDITOR.—Anything startling to-day? NEWS EDITOR.—No; not a single railroad catastrophe since yesterday.

"Humph!"

"Yes; things are dull now. You see it's between seasons."

"Between seasons?"

"Yes; the summer excursion season is about over, and the car-stove season has n't opened yet."—*Omaha World.*

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CHAMPION OF TWO CONTINENTS.

An Interesting Comparison of
THE WORLD'S GREAT BREWERIES.

Decidedly the greatest beer producing countries in the world are Germany and Austria. The manufacture of the national beverage and its consumption is a matter of investigation and comment for every traveler that has visited and written of those States. Many have gone behind the commercial feature of the industry, and have found in the production, fostered and protected as it is by the Government, a solution of the stability of the people. The people themselves, instead of fretting under the ordinary cares of life that carry more volatile neighbors into insurrection, absorb a philosophical quiet with the nectar of Gambrinus that saves them from the consequences of rashness. Small wonder that they cherish their colossal Brauerein and that the Government fosters them.

The last annual official statistical showing of the product in Germany and Austria has just been received here. According to this report, the output of the six leading breweries of Germany and Austria, in 1886, was the following:

	BARRELS.
1. Spaten Brewery, Munich, (Gab. Sedlmayer, Prop.).	363,017
2. Anton Dreher, Vienna.	348,603
3. Löwen Brewery, Munich.	292,750
4. St. Marx, Vienna.	298,480
5. G. Pschorr, Munich.	235,950
6. Liesing Actien Brewery, Vienna.	170,764

Total, 1,670,564.

There are innumerable small establishments, but these six larger ones serve to give some idea of the magnitude

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"SANITAS" Crude Disinfecting Fluid, a concentrated form of "Sanitas," to be diluted with water for flushing drains, &c.

"SANITAS" Disinfecting Oil, for fumigating sick rooms, treatment of throat complaints, rheumatism and ringworm.

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410,000 Barrels,

an excess of more than 10 per cent. above the production of the Spaten Brewery of Munich, the largest European brewery. Experts in the manufacture of beer are not slow to say that the quality, also, of the Anheuser-Busch beer excels that of its European rival in about the same ratio. This opinion is not only that of American judges, but in every European exposition in which the beer of the Anheuser-Busch Brewing Association has come into competition with that of all the above-named breweries, it has been awarded the first premium. In every European capital medals have been given to them showing that they surpassed all other exhibitors in the quality of the beer manufactured. These awards have not been merely occasional, but record a succession of triumphs.

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THE TORTILITA MINES.

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(From the New York Star, August 29, 1887.)

The mines of the Tortilita Gold and Silver Mining Company, of 57 Broadway, New York, have become the most favorably known property of their class in America. Their great value has been demonstrated by new and continuous discoveries of vast bodies of rich ore as the work goes on, and investors in the shares of the company are from all sections and all classes in the country.

The Tortilitas are developed, proven and working mines. The shares are an absolute security, as they are based on property worth many times what they call for. There is no better or safer investment.

The sale of the stock is being conducted upon a different plan from that generally employed, the management offering the shares direct for investment in any sized lots instead of making it a stock speculation.

Receipts for \$150,000 in bullion taken out of the mines during their development can be seen at the company's office.

The Tortilitas have lately been examined and reported upon favorably by the New York Star, the Tucson (Ariz.) Star, published within sight of the mines; the Florence (Ariz.) Enterprise and other journals, and the Hartford Post publishes a full-page illustrated article on the property, pronouncing the mines worth many times more than they are capitalized for.

The mines will easily supply three twenty-stamp mills for an indefinite period on these properties. They would work 180 tons of ore per day, at an average of \$50 per ton. At a low estimate this would be \$9,000 per day. With the proper machinery this can be worked at an expense of \$10 per ton, which would be \$1,800 per day, leaving net per day \$7,200, or for thirty days \$216,000, or for a year \$2,592,000, which will be over two-and-a-half times the capital stock each year; but at first the company start with a twenty-stamp mill, which should give \$800,000 per year net, or 80 per cent. per annum on the capital stock.

The shares can now be bought at par in any sized lots from one share to 5,000 direct at the company's office, 57 Broadway, and R. J. Dean & Co., Bankers, 302 Greenwich Street, New York, by letter or in person.

It is believed that the Tortilita is the soundest and best mining enterprise yet brought to the attention of the public, and that those who invest in it will make handsome returns. They are at least sure of a safe investment and good dividends.

The object of selling stock is to obtain the necessary capital to erect hoisting works and purchase one or more mills so as to operate the mines properly, otherwise none of the stock would be for sale.

N. Y. C. and H. R. R. Chauncey M. Depew was presented to H. R. H. Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, last week. When it comes to trying titles, the railroad American seems to be several laps ahead of royalty. — *Springfield Union.*

THE Atlantic is crossed in love every time a bridal party goes over. — *Texas Siftings.*

ALTHOUGH tobacco has gone up a five-cent cigar is still sold for a nickel. The relation between tobacco and a five-cent cigar is not close enough to hurt either. — *Philadelphia Call.*

THERE is very little surf bathing in Russia. — *New Orleans Picayune.*

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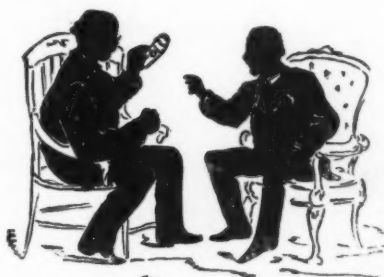
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PUCK's "SUMMER BOARDER."—How many there are whose faces will fairly beam with pleasure at the appearance of a second number of "Puck's Library!" The first, as will be remembered, got all the fun possible out of the national game of base ball. And now comes another volume of Puck's delicious funnyisms, entitled "The Summer-Boarder." This subject, prolific as it is, in the hands of Puck is "done brown." Such inimitable drollery and wit, made quite irresistible by the accompanying graphic illustrations! It is enough to make the sad man merry and to rejoice the heart of the weary one. Puck is a very jovial little fellow, and under his guidance the summer-boarder becomes the most ridiculous character imaginable. His satire is always so much to the point, and withal so good-natured, that one has to laugh whether he will or no. This volume is full of mirth to the brim, and every one who reads it will gain many hearty laughs and a period of thorough enjoyment. "The Summer-Boarder" is published by Messrs. Keppler & Schwarzmann, Puck Building, New York. — *Poston Times.*

PUCK'S LIBRARY, NO. 1. — "The National Game."

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